

# a \$2500-a-Week Star—and How It Turned Out

Famous Stage Career and Its Collapse

And What Happened at the Duke's Free-and-Easy Midnight Lawn Party Where the Guests Were Asked to "Pair Off" and Wander Out Into the Shadows, Each Couple Carrying ONE Bottle of Champagne with TWO Straws



Camphall Studios

## THE LAST ACT

Mr. Carlton, Now the Husband of the Stage Star, Had Learned of His Wife's Relations with Her Leading Man, the Son of Lord Somerset. As the Pair Embraced and Kissed with True Lover's Warmth in Their Act on the Stage Mr. Carlton Rose Solemnly in the Adjoining Box—and His Wife Collapsed; Her Career Was Ended.

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

"My own point of view toward things of that kind may be unique," said Mr. Carlton, "but I have always believed that an infatuation after marriage should be allowed to run its course without hindrance from man or wife. The result should be perfect understanding and immunity from temptation ever after when either husband or wife sees how foolish it has all been."

"But, somehow, the theory didn't seem to work. When I got back from Ireland my chauffeur met me and told me to what use my car had been put in my absence. I was disappointed and unhappy; but I decided to give my theory more time. So I said nothing until a few days later, when we were going to Maidenhead for another party at which I knew Somerset would also be present," Carlton says.

"It was a beautiful Sunday morning. We were rolling over a pleasant English road with her hand in mine. I decided to get it over with. So I said to her:

"Edith, there comes a time in the life of every man or woman when we take stock of ourselves. I am interested in what is going on now in the hearts of both of us. I love you too much to deny you happiness, and yet I am sure you are not happy in deceiving me."

"I have a man from Scotland Yard shadowing you. I know where you have been and what you have done in all the time I have been away from you. I've let you run for a month and have regarded what has happened in that time with nothing but a friendly interest. Now I think you are making a mistake and that it is time to call a halt."

"She cried and became so hysterical that I simply patted her hand and told her I would not mention it again."

"Beaux and Bottles" was the scheduled diversion again that evening as before, and in the mixing process Edith Day was again paired off with Pat Somerset and disappeared. On this occasion her husband descended to the impropriety of searching for her, to the consternation of many guests on whom he intruded before finding his wife.

All of them were indignant at the impropriety he had committed and were outraged when Edith began to scream that her husband was treating her cruelly. The Duke and Duchess soothed his hysterical wife with many a reproachful look at Carlton, who said nothing. But when Carlton returned to the house to take Edith home she had disappeared.

Search was started, but she was nowhere to be found. It was certain she had not returned to London alone, because her wraps were still in one of the reception rooms. After waiting until 2 o'clock in the morning for her to reappear, Carlton gathered up her outer clothing, including her silver fox fur and meshbag, and started home alone, thinking dark thoughts about his theory.

His bitterness grew until, crossing the Thames, in London, he pitched Edith's silver fox and gold meshbag, both presents from him, out of the car into the river.

When the show opened that night there were detectives at the door of Edith's



Miss Edith Day in a Charming Costume When at the Height of Her Success

dressing room whose orders were to stop Carlton, should he attempt to see her. After waiting a week for a possible change in her attitude, he employed detectives on his own hook, and one night followed his wife's automobile as it was leaving the theatre.

"It stopped to pick up Somerset," he said, "and then both became aware that they were being followed. Along Queen's road in Hyde Park their car suddenly stopped, and they jumped out and tried to hide in a doorway. I followed. Edith became hysterical and screamed for forgiveness. I couldn't make her understand that all I wanted was a definite understanding. I finally gave it up and let them go."

Two days later Carlton was summoned to appear in the Kensington Police Court

settled their stage love affairs with an unnecessarily prolonged kiss and embrace, Mr. Carlton rose solemnly in the adjoining box with an intent look at his wife. When she caught his eye she turned pale beneath her rouge and toppled over in a hysterical heap. Some one rang for the curtain, which came down on a startled cast, a fainting woman and a badly frightened leading man. Afterward Edith's friends said she thought her husband intended to shoot her.

That incident finished Edith's career at the height of her greatest success. Four years before, in the Broadway booking office, Carl Carlton's first glance had raised her from obscurity to signal triumph. This second look had caused her sudden collapse and shattered career in a night.



Some of the Merry Guests at Lord Paget's Gay Week-End Party Ranging Themselves In and About a Tree on the Palace Grounds. In the Tree Are Edith Day and Lady Fair. Standing Are Lady Moss and Lady Diana Manners. Seated, Lady Ashburton, Mr. Carlton, Marquise of Lonsbury, Col. Geoffrey Glyn and Lady Paget.

to answer charges of making threats to kill. The charges had been preferred by Edith Day. Since the summons would not be returnable for ten days he made several efforts to see his wife beforehand, but was barred from her dressing room by her detectives.

He determined to see her anyway, and the following evening reserved a seat in the right-hand stage box of the theatre.

At the close of the last act, when Edith Day and Pat Somerset, as hero and heroine, had

The next day Carlton went to court to answer his wife's charges of threats to kill.

"Edith was huddled up in a chair like a little gray witch," he said. "She had so changed in those few weeks that I did not recognize her. Just as I was about to take the stand she began to scream, and the proceedings stopped. Then her lawyers called me into the judge's chambers and asked permission to withdraw the case. I didn't want her to suffer through the notoriety it would cause and agreed."

Mr. Carlton had two tickets for Norway in his pocket. The other was to have been for Edith. The same day he booked passage and went to Stockholm, but his nerves were in such a condition that he returned immediately to Europe and began to tour the Continent.

In every hotel in which he stopped he engaged a suite of seven rooms, although he was traveling alone.

"I simply had to walk," he said, "and under the circumstances I did not want to go outside of the hotel. So I opened all the doors of the adjoining rooms and walked from end to end of the suite all night long, always with an orchestra in one of the rooms. In Berlin I engaged Franz Lehár's orchestra, and the music went on until daylight. If it had not been for the music and the seven-room suites I think I should have gone insane."

In the midst of all this Mr. Carlton's agents cabled him that they had been able to get "Tangerine," another successful musical comedy in which he had planned to star Edith Day. Simultaneously he received a letter from Edith, begging for forgiveness, and he hurried back to England to clean the slate and take her back to America for the new production. Returning to London, he proceeded directly to her apartment and entered her boudoir. "I found her in desperate straits," he

said. "Somerset had pawned her jewelry for his gambling debts and she was without money. When I got her jewelry out of pawn and staked her to another bank account I think she really wanted to come back to me. She told me she wanted to live in a cottage and never see another theatre again, and that she wanted to have children and happiness."

"It made me very happy. I told her to come on back to America with me and win a new success in 'Tangerine.' She seemed only too happy."

At the idea, but asked me if I wouldn't let her come on the boat that followed mine. She said she was ashamed to face the photographers with me at the New York pier.

An Attractive Photograph of Edith Day (Mrs. Carl Carlton).

"So I went ahead. For four days I got a wireless love letter from her every morning. Then all communication with her suddenly stopped. Back in New York I wrote and cabled every day. That was months ago, but I have never heard from her since. I held up production of 'Tangerine' for several weeks and then engaged Julia Sanderson for the leading role. Now I don't care what happens."

"We Norse are a cold people. It takes a long, long time for a woman to come into my life, and a long time for her to leave it, but I think Edith is out of my thoughts now. Only I sometimes wonder what caused her to quit so

suddenly after the last reconciliation I think I know now.

"When Margaret Bannerman got a divorce from Pat Somerset it was generally understood it was because of Edith's baby, born just a little while ago. Now I am getting a divorce, too, and that will leave the way clear for them to do as they please. I hope they can be happy."

All of this makes a very sad story, indeed. When the reader thinks of poor Mr. Carlton walking up and down in his seven-room suites waiting for the violinists to tune up and save him from going raving, tittering mad right on the spot, it is hard to refrain from sympathetic tears. Such a heartless Cinderella to kick her generous and devoted Prince Charming to one side with the very glass slipper he had just fitted to her pretty little foot! Glass slippers are no things to kick a person with, figuratively or otherwise.

And that night at the lawn party, when the distracted Mr. Carlton explored all the garden nooks and crannies on the duke's estate looking for his beautiful wife, makes a very touching story, too. Who can estimate the anxiety and apprehension of the frantic husband as midnight came and his wife and his rival were nowhere to be seen? How sharper than a serpent's tooth Edith Day's ingratitude seems!

But wait a moment. There are two sides to every story. Edith's friends say her experiences with Mr. Carlton would make a heart-rending picture of domestic woe as the one he has painted.

Mr. Carlton, they say, is a hard man to deal with, reaping what he hath not sown. He has the infinite tenderness of the Rock of Gibraltar, they say, and if Edith has given him any cause for divorce (and they admit she has) it was because of his treatment of her.

sonality and perfecting her graces, why, producers and stage directors have been doing that sort of thing since Hector was a pup. That is part of their job.

But all of them will admit that the actress must have a great deal of personality that she has developed by herself, otherwise she would not be worth their pains. The training they give her simply means more hard cash in their pockets, as her added popularity draws more and more people to the box office.

Nor can they see why Mr. Carlton should be entitled to very much sympathy because of what happened that June evening at the duke's garden party. Mr. Carlton had been there before, playing "Beaux and Bottles" with the rest of them. He was a man of the world. He knew what to expect if he brought his pretty and high-spirited wife into the free-and-easy atmosphere and environment of the duke's palace a second time.

Why on earth should he precipitate a situation by charging into the naive tete-a-tetes of the other guests, demanding to know if they had seen his wife and Pat Somerset? It was preposterous, and no doubt caused the duke to think that all Americans were boisterous and ill-mannered fellows who would talk out loud in church.

And think of the embarrassment it must have caused the duchess, whose renown as a hostess is established among the world's social elect. What apology could she make to her distinguished guests whose privacy had been so rudely interrupted? Mr. Carlton's tactless insistence on the obsolete rights of a husband had caused a social catastrophe.

As for Edith's friendship for Pat Somerset, her friends consider that Mr. Carlton also brought that on himself. Who had hired him for the part he played in "Irene"? Was it Edith? No; it was Mr. Carlton himself. And everybody knew with what enthusiasm Mr. Somerset played the role of a lover to young and pretty women, on or off the stage.

Even Somerset's wife knew it and had already separated from him as a preliminary to divorce. Wasn't Mr. Carlton tempting Fate with his selection of a leading man? There were plenty of other willing actors around London who had far less physical charm than Mr. Somerset, and some of them had cork legs and wore a wig. Why did he hire him?

And then, after Edith's friendship for Pat became apparent, her friends are inclined to think it was helped to a dangerous point by the producer's conduct. Instead of counselling her quietly, as he says he did, they think that his behavior was such that Mr. Somerset was the only person from whom she could get sympathy. Mr. Carlton, they say, threatened the girl until her nerves were unstrung and she was morally irresponsible.

Did her husband's inconsiderate conduct drive her into the arms of a man who gave her the comfort and confidence she craved?

Her health became impaired. Her good looks began to vanish. She lost much of her charm. She could not dance with the careless animation that had distinguished her New York success. Her figure lost its girlish contours, and, harried by worry and imagined persecution, followed everywhere, she says, by Scotland Yard detectives employed by her husband, gossiping about in every London club and cafe, her mind was on the verge of collapse as she descended to the stage box that night Carlton attended the show and saw her husband rise from his seat and regard her with that disconcerting stare.

Early in her London success an anonymous donor had sent her a box of poisoned candy. This latter circumstance was attributed to the jealousy of English actresses at the time, but it added to her nervous condition. Of course, she didn't believe her husband had anything to do with it.

So, everything put together, Edith has had a wretched time of it since she went to London, and her friends think she has been punished enough.

She has been driven into second-rate vaudeville with her husband's rival. And rumors attribute to Somerset all the cruelties with which Mr. Carlton has charged him. For the first time in her career, dramatic critics are saying unkind things about her performances. Because of what has happened it is hard for her to get engagements, for the public has no tolerance for those of its favorites who become involved in messy scandals.

Carl Carlton may think it was that piercing look from the stage box that caused her to topple from her pedestal, but Edith, who knows that in theatrical circles the wages of publicity recognized sin is oblivion, probably attributes her troubles to her own conduct. For by recently sending for her parents she has signified that she will remain abroad and face the music in exile.